# Agriculture.

### Laying Out the Farm.

One great mistake farmers usually make is in not giving sufficient thought and attention to laying out the farm, and distributing the crops and labor in the best possible manner. There are few kinds of business which require such careful forethought and study as planning the year's crops on a farm in such a manner as to distribute the labor throughout the season as evenly as possible, and get the largest returns for the land under cultivation, and the money invested in labor.

When we consider the variety of crops which may be raised with profit on almost any farm, the great number of causes which influence their growth, the nature and condition of the soil, the prospects of the markets, the possibilities of double cropping, the relation of this year's crops to a rotation and the distribution of labor, so as not to have more at any one time than it is possible to do, and yet to have enough at all times, the question becomes interesting and at the same time exceedingly complex—yet all these things should be carefully considered, not only each by itself, but in relation to each other, and whoever overlooks one of them is likely to make serious blunders. He may sow his seed on soil not in proper condition, and so fail of a good crop, or he may raise a good crop and have no market, or he may be so crowded with work as not to be able to give it the proper attention at the critical time.

My manner of laying out a farm is this: In a book I write the name of each field, and the different crops for which the soil by its nature and present condition (with the fertilizers which I put on it) is best adapted; also the time of sowing and harvesting, with the amount of labor required and the times of year it will be needed. I then compute, as nearly as I am able from past experience and the condition of the market, the probable proceeds of each crop per acre, deducting cost of seed and labor. This will show which of all the crops for which each field is adapted will give the largest probable returns. Having gone through with each field in this way and decided what crop or crops will give the largest net returns, I next put them all together, and see how the labor is distributed, and how much grain of each kind I am to sow or plant. If I find too much labor required at any one season, I turn back to the pages containing the fields with the conflicting crops, and select the best crop which will remedy the labor difficulty.

Much can be gained in the way of economy in farm labor by using the best means and implements. Fall plowing of wet lands and surface draining when needed, greatly facilitate early work in the spring. New and improved tools are also a great advantage in doing work quickly and economically. Farmers often work year after year with old, wornout tools, when the extra crops which could be raised with new labor-saving implements in one year would pay for half a dozen such tools. The neglect of cultivating hoed crops, until the weeds get fairly rooted, not only injures the crop, but adds greatly to the labor of caring for it and destroying the weeds.

Cultivation promotes earliness as well as growth, and partly supplies the place of manure, and, in laying out the year's work, every farmer should be careful not to put in anything which will have to be neglected. Better till five acres well than plant ten acres and leave the crops to fight it out with the weeds. Plan your work carefully, making due allowance for rainy weather and lost time; cultivate thoroughly and manure well, and you will be sure to get the largest possible returns for your labor.—*An Old Farmer in Rural New Yorker.*

### Planting Corn in Old Times.

We suppose thirty to forty years ago means "old times." In preparing corn ground at that time a different process was followed than the present, but not as we see it stated, by merely throwing two rough furrows of unplowed ground together, and, after running cross furrows, to simply plant the corn on the top of the ridge. We do not pretend to say that this miserable way was not pursued by some lazy or ignorant farmers, but it was not the common way by any means; indeed we never saw it followed, though accustomed to notice farming for nearly sixty years.

This, however, was the way mostly followed: Manure and plow the land, harrow thoroughly, then run two opposite furrows and also run like cross furrows. Planting on top of the little ridge by this means made the rows uniform both ways, and admitted freely of plowing both ways if necessary. This plan was more laborious than the present one and was more "scientific." The crops produced by it on good farms were as abundant as now. For many years after the present method was introduced this was continued as the best, and that looked upon as lacking in skill and good sense. But as a rule far more attention is paid to the crop now than forty or fifty years ago.

It was always customary to either manure in the hill or apply "plaster" after the plant had grown two or three inches. And we repeat that we have witnessed as fine crops of corn by the old method as we have by the new. This much we feel enjoined to say in behalf of the way our fathers and grandfathers cultivated the corn crop.

# Domestic.

"THERE IS DUST ON YOUR GLASSES."—I don't often put on glasses to examine Katy's work, but one morning not long since I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired; "this room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on eye-glasses, ma'am," she said, modestly.

And sure enough the eye-glasses were at fault, and not Katy. I rubbed them off and everything looked bright and clean, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said: "I'm glad it was the glasses, and not me this time." This has taught me a good lesson, I said to myself upon leaving the room, and one I shall remember through life.

That evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so and so, and had said so and so. When her story was finished, I said, smiling: "There is dust on your glasses, Katy; rub them off, you will see better."

She understood me and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other: "Oh, there is dust on your glasses."

Sometimes I am referred to: "Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses; can't he rub them off?"

When I hear a person criticising another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person or persons, I think right away, "There's dust on your glasses; rub it off."

The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses, only the dust is a little thicker on some than on others, and needs harder rubbing to get it off. *N. Y. Observer.*

THE HUNTERDON *Monitor* says: "We feel it our duty to give a recipe for the cure of the diphtheria, which we know from personal knowledge has cured several severe cases. It is simply to put some pure tar on a plate and apply hot coals to it, not hot enough, however, to create a blaze. Then place a funnel upside down over the tar and let the patient inhale the fumes arising from the burning tar through the spout of the funnel. It will give instant relief, and may be repeated as often as may be necessary. Tar spread on a piece of cloth and applied to the throat in connection with the inhaling process is also good, much better than old flitch or liniments. It should not be removed until the throat is relieved of all soreness."

### Household Receipts.

TO REMOVE MARKS OF RAIN FROM A MANTLE.—Take a damp cloth, and damp the place marked with the rain; then take a hot iron and iron the mantle all over, and the marks will be removed.

PEACH FLAVORING EXTRACT.—The meats of pitch pits, in brandy, make an excellent flavoring extract, resembling that of bitter almonds. Allow one teacupful of the meats to two of brandy. Take one teaspoonful of the liquor to a quart of custard, or cake dough.

TO CLEAN LOOKING-GLASSES.—Remove the fly-stains and other soils with a damp rag, then polish with a soft cloth and powder blue. The glass of picture-frames may be cleaned in the same manner. Be careful not to rub the gilding on the frames with your damp rags.

TRANSPARENT PAPER.—Paper can be made as transparent as glass, and capable of being substituted for it for many purposes, by spreading over it with a feather a very thin layer of resin dissolved in spirits of wine. Fine thin post paper is best, and the mixture must be applied on both sides.

A GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT.—Half a pint of rose-leaf tea, a wineglassful of good vinegar, honey enough to sweeten it, and a very little Cayenne pepper, all well mixed together, and simmered in a close vessel; gargle the throat with a little of it at bedtime, or oftener, if the throat is very sore.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—One ounce of mustard and two pinches of salt are mixed in a large wineglassful of boiling water, and allowed to stand twenty-four hours. Then pound in a mortar one clove of garlic, a small handful of tarragon, another of garden cress, and add to the mustard, putting vinegar according to taste.

GRAPE PICKLES.—Select small bunches of ripe, firm grapes, and pack in the jars in which they are to be kept. To a quart of vinegar, add a half pound of sugar; one-fourth of a pound of stick cinnamon, and an ounce of allspice, (whole). Boil, and when cold, turn over the grapes. They will keep without sealing. Stone jars, holding a gallon each, may be used for these pickles. A piece of white cotton cloth should be spread over the clusters, and a plate placed on top, to keep them under the vinegar.

SLICED CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Medium-sized green cucumbers, pared and sliced as for the table. To four quarts of slices add one large spoonful of salt, mixing it through them. Let them stand over night, and in the morning rinse, and drain through a colander. Boil vinegar with whole, white mustard seed, half a teacupful of seed to two quarts of vinegar, and set it away to cool. Pack the sliced cucumbers in quart cans, and cover with the prepared vinegar. Place a bit of alum on top of the pickles in each can, and seal. Keep in a dark, cool place. Pickles made after this rule, retain much of the natural flavor of cucumbers.

# Scientific.

*Ammonia in the Air.*—Dr. R. Angus Smith, who has done so much for the chemistry of the air, lately read before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society a paper on the distribution of ammonia, in which he described the simplest method yet proposed for determining the amount of ammonia in the air. And since such ammonia may be taken as an index of the amount of decayed matter in any locality, the hygienic importance of an easy test for it is not small. The availability of the proposed test arises from the circumstance that ammonia is deposited from the air on every object exposed thereto. "If you pick up a stone in a city, and wash off the matter on its surface, you will find the water to contain ammonia. If you wash a chair or a table or anything in a room, you will find ammonia in the washing. If you wash your hands you will will find the same, and your paper, your pen, your table cloth, and clothes all show ammonia, and even the glass cover to an ornament has retained some on its surface." In short ammonia sticks to everything, and can be readily washed off with pure water. Hence Dr. Smith inferred that he might save himself much of the trouble he had been taking in laborious washings of air to determine the presence of ammonia, and gain the desired end by testing the superficial deposit of ammonia which gathers on clean substances during ordinary exposure. Accordingly he suspended small glass flasks in various parts of his laboratory and examined them daily, washing the outer surfaces with pure water, and testing at once for ammonia with the Nessler solution. Subsequently a great many observations were made by means of glasses exposed to air in door and out, where the air was sweet and where it was foul. By using glasses of definite size it was easy to determine whether the ammonia in the air was or was not in excess. In his laboratory experiments ammonia was observed when the glasses had been exposed an hour and a half.

Of the practical working of the test Dr. Smith remarks that it must not be forgotten that the ammonia may be pure or it may be connected with organic matter; and consequently this mode of inquiry is better suited as a negative test to show that ammonia is absent than to show what is present.—When ammonia is absent we may be sure that the air is not polluted by decaying matter; when it is present there is need of caution. Dr. Smith adds that he hopes to make this a ready popular test for air, a test for sewer gases, for overcrowding, for cleanliness of habitations, and even of furniture, as well as for smoke and all the sources of ammonia. Of course it must be used with consideration and the conclusions must not be drawn by an ignorant person.

*The New Metal, "Gallium."—The latest known of the Metallic Elements.*—Prof. Odling delivered a lecture recently at the Royal Institution, London, on the new metal, "gallium." The Professor said that the number of kinds of matter known to chemists which they have not succeeded in decomposing, but can trace undecomposed through distinct series of combinations, is sixty-four.—These have been roughly classified into metals, semi-metals and non-metals, the first class being considerably the most numerous, and the several classes merging gradually into one another.—The latest known of the non-metallic elements is bromine, which was discovered in 1826 by the eminent French chemist, recently deceased, M. Balard. Within the last twenty years, however, five new metallic elements have been discovered, being at the average rate of a new element every four years; while some evidence of the identification also of yet a sixth new metallic element has recently been put on record. But the latest known of the fully made out new elements is gallium, which was first recognized by M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran, in the autumn of the year 1875, and so named by him in honor of the land of its discovery, France.

Like its four predecessors made known within the last twenty years, gallium was discovered by the process of spectrum analysis, applied in this instance in a special manner contrived by the ingenuity of M. de Boisbaudran himself, long eminent as a spectroscopist. The spectrum of gallium is characterized by two marked violet lines, the less refrangible of them being especially brilliant. Hitherto the new metal has been recognized only in certain varieties of zinc-blende, that of Pierrefitte in the Pyrenees having furnished the chief portion of gallium hitherto obtained from any source whatever—nearly half a ton of this ore having been employed by M. de Boisbaudran to furnish the dozen grains or so of metal wherewith he has been able to establish the leading properties of the element.

In its appearance gallium manifests a general resemblance to lead, but is not so blue-tinted or quite so soft, though it is really malleable, flexible, and capable of being cut with a knife. Like lead again, and unlike zinc, gallium is not an easily volatile metal. Unlike lead, however, it acquires only a very slight tarnish on exposure to moist air, and undergoes scarcely any calcination at a red heat. The specific gravity of gallium is a little under 6, that of aluminum being 2.6, that of zinc, 7.1, and that of lead 11.14.

A most remarkable property of gallium is its low melting point. It liquefies completely at 86° Fahrenheit, or below the heat of the hand; and, still more curiously, when once melted at this temperature, it may be cooled down even to the freezing point of water without solidifying, and may be kept unchanged in the liquid state for months. Indeed, in the original communication of its discovery to the French Academy, it was described as a new liquid metal, similar to mercury; but on touching with a fragment of solid gallium a portion of the liquid metal in this state of so-called sur-fusion it at once solidifies. Unlike lead, again, gallium is a highly crystaline metal, its form being that of a square octahedron. In its chemical habitudes the rare element gallium shows the greatest analogy to the abundant element aluminum. In particular it forms a sort of alum not to be distinguished in its appearance from ordinary alum, but containing oxide of gallium instead of oxide of aluminum or alumina.

But the chief interest of gallium, from a scientific point of view, is connected with the history of its discovery. All previously known elements have been discovered, so to speak, accidentally, and their properties have been not in any way foreseen, but rather met with as subjects of surprise; but the blende of Pierrefitte was deliberately taken up for examination by M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran in the expectation of finding a new element—an expectation to which he was led in the course of his study of the spectra of known elements, by a train of speculation of which he has not yet made known the details. The existence of an element having the characteristic properties of gallium was, moreover, upon entirely different grounds, predicted very definitely by a Russian chemist, M. Mendelejefi, in 1871, and in a more general way several years earlier by an English chemist, Mr. Newlands. This double prediction was based on a study of the relations of the known atomic numbers of the elements. These numbers have only lately been perceived to form a tolerably continuous seriation, which again is associated in a remarkable manner with the seriation in properties of the elements themselves. In the series of numbers, however, certain terms are here and there missing, and in particular a number was missing which should belong to an element having properties intermediate between those of aluminum and iridium. What these properties would be was predicted in most minute detail by M. Mendelejeff in 1871. He predicted, for example, that the specific gravity of the missing metal would prove to be about 5.9.—Operating on very small quantities, M. de Boisbaudran, in the first instance, found the specific gravity of gallium to be 4.7; but on repeating his determination in 1876, with special precautions and on a somewhat larger though still very small scale, he found it to be exactly 5.935—certainly a most remarkable fulfillment of the prediction with regard to it.

*The Sun.*—Professor Rudolph, in a lengthy paper on the sun, says: "It is a molten or white hot mass, equaling in bulk 1,260,000 worlds like our own, having a surrounding ocean of gas on fire 50,000 miles deep, tongues of flame darting upward more than 50,000 miles, volcanic forces that hurl into the solar atmosphere luminous matter to the height of 160,000 miles, drawing to itself all the worlds belonging to our family of planets, and holding them all in their proper places; attracting with such superior force the millions of solid stray masses that are wandering in the fathomless abyss that they rush helplessly toward him, and fall into his fiery embrace. And thus he continues his sublime and restless march through his mighty orbit, having a period of more than 18,000,000 years."

# Humorous.

—Why is an auctioneer who sells a woman a bottle of cordial a base coward? Because he knocks her down an' elixir.—*Puck.*

—Hennepin county, Minn., has $283,376 in its treasury and owes nobody.—What under the sun is the treasurer waiting for?—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

—There is no man who loses so many grandmothers during a four years' period as a college student, unless it may be another college student.—*Boston Post.*

—Now the thirsty fly spies the insidious decoction which the unkind housewife has placed upon the dining-room mantel, and he goes therefor.—And having drunk thereof, he circles around the room three or four times, and drops down dead—right into your cup of coffee.—*Puck.*

—Our friend Beaconsfield is a little severe on Gladstone. He refers to him as a "sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and egotistical imagination."—If this is true, Mr. Gladstone should be locked up until sober, and fined two dollars and a half.—*Derrick.*

—A tourist in the mountains gave a thirsty old lady whom he met a drink of cold tea. She died next day and left him $20,000. As a general thing, however, it doesn't pay to treat an old lady coolly. But just see what that tourist would have lost if his bottle had been filled with whisky instead of cold tea! Tourists should cut this out and paste it on their flasks.—*Norristown Herald.*

—They were talking about the weight of different individuals in a certain family in Newark the other evening, and the daughter's young man, who was present, spoke up before he thought, and said: "I tell you that Jenny isn't so very light either, although she looks so." And then he looked suddenly conscious and blushed, and Jenny became absorbed in studying a chromo on the wall.—*Sunday Call.*

—A correspondent wants to know why women never sleep in church. We suspect that it is on account of their uncomfortable headgear. We don't believe any man, with his head jabbed full of hair-pins and back-hair twisted up so tight that a sneeze would break a blood-vessel, could find repose even under the most somnifying discourse that ever banished physical pain. It can't be did.—*Breakfast Table.*

—Charles Reade is mistaken. There are men who could never learn to use both hands with equal facility. We saw one last evening grinding a hand-organ in market, and to save his immortal soul he couldn't budge the crank with his left hand. He had neglected to bring it home with him when he came out of the army. And now let the old mudslinger call us a bald-headed horse-thief, if he dares.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

—By thrift he had become a millionaire and he had a splendid St. Bernard dog which he was very proud of. One day the servant came to him terror-stricken. "Master, master, Cæsar is ——" "Is what?" "Mad, I'm afraid. He won't touch water any more than if he was a crude apostle of temperance and there's as much foam about his mouth as if he was the sea in one of Swinburne's poems." Great Heavens, it is lucky you discovered it in time.—We must not lose a minute. Take the animal, at once, before he has bitten any one ——" "Yes, sir." "And sell him!"—*Paris Paper.*

—Beautiful, beautiful silken hair," Philip murmured fondly, toying lovingly with one of her nut-brown tresses, "soft as the plumage of an angel's wing; light as the thistle-down that dances on the summer air; the shimmer of sunset, the glitter of yellow gold, the rich red brown of autumnal forests blend in entrancing beauty in its—" And just then it came off in his hands, and he forgot just what to say next. There was a moment of profound silence, and then Aurelia took it from him and went out of the room with it. When she came back he was gone. They meet now, but they meet as strangers, and the eyes that were wont to beam upon each other with the awakened love-light now glare as though life was an eternal wash-day.—*Hawkeye.*

—A set of practical jokers have been playing great pranks with the large-sized photograph hanging in front of the photograph gallery in State street. Yesterday they hung the picture with a border of crape and underneath placed a card bearing the inscription, "We mourn our loss." Passers-by stared at the portrait and wondered if the original were really dead, and, if he were, why his death should give rise to a display of that kind. The original of the picture does business in a neighboring store, but did not hear of the exhibition until it had been "going on" for some hours. The picture was at once stripped of its sombre decorations, but soon after it was again captured and conspicuously displayed in the postoffice. This morning the portrait was back in its old place in the front of the gallery, but attached to it was a placard offering "a reward of $150 for the apprehension of the above."—*Bridgeport Farmer.*

### AT SUNSET.

It was just the close of day.
The west shone in scarlet splendor,
and dimpled cloud-ships lay serenely
clustered in sun-kissed argosies over
the peaceful vale, where all was sweet
tranquility.

The robin was chanting his vesper
song, and the roses dropped indolently
in the balmy breeze, and seemed
wafted to a realm of delicious visions.

At this heaven-fraught hour I wandered down a woodland avenue with a
girl whose beauty is beyond description. Her large black eyes looked
fondly into mine as we sat on a fallen
tree. Her soft, jeweled fingers lay in
mine. Oh, heavenly moment. I could
feel her warm breath on my cheek, for
our lips almost touched. She asked me
in faltering accents:

"Were you ever in love?"

"Never till now," I replied.

And then she looked at me most lovingly, and I drew her close to my
bosom, and was just kissing her for the
second time when the vision broke,
and I paid the dentist and left! It
was my first experience with nitrous
oxide gas.—*Puck.*

REGISTER'S LINIMENT is unequalled for man or animals.—See advertisement in another column.

### ROCKY MOUNTAIN ANIMALS.

There has been on exhibition at the New York Aquarium a collection of trained animals, the performances of which indicate a degree of intelligence which is very remarkable! There are ten Broncho horses, a number of dogs and a pair of Rocky Mountain goats, all of which possess accomplishments sufficient to fill up a long and interesting programme. It is stated that the horses were wild upon the plains three years ago, and consequently that during this brief period their education has been effected. In beginning the performance the whole ten are first introduced, and at the word of command they perform various military evolutions, such as marching in line abreast, in columns of fours, by the flanks, etc., both at common and quick time. A handkerchief given to one is passed to the next and so on from mouth to mouth of the ten; any one horse called by name steps forward, and finally the act is closed by one of the number who goes to each of his comrades in turn, and, crowding him out of the line, pushes him with his nose as a signal for exit. Each horse is then introduced in turn to exhibit his special accomplishments. One walks up and to the middle of a balanced board, and there by moving his fore feet oscillates the plank, accommodating every muscle of the body to the movement. Finally he retires to one end of the board, bearing that extremity down and leaving the other high in air. A second horse now called in puts his nose over the elevated end of the plank, forces it down until he can plant his fore hoofs on it, and then mounts thereon. The curious sight is then presented of two horses at the respective ends of the "teeter," gravely swinging each other up and down. The difficulty of teaching all this to an animal so careful as to stepping on insecure supports as the horse is, can well be imagined. Perhaps the most remarkable feats accomplished on the board, which is quite narrow, are the turning around of a horse (who stands directly over the fulcrum, and is compelled while turning to balance himself with great care), and the rolling of a barrel over the whole length of the plank. Trainers find that it is an exceedingly troublesome undertaking to get a horse to do anything with his front hoofs which involves raising them to any height, but here the animal plants both hoofs on a barrel and rolls it up one side of the balanced board. Then, as the latter swings over, the horse catches the barrel with the rear side of his hoofs, and walks down the steep incline holding the barrel back. There are several tricks commonly performed by trained horses in circuses which these animals execute with remarkable readiness and accuracy. One of them selects a flag of a given color out of three of different hues; another unties a handkerchief knotted around his hind leg, or around that of another horse; a third jumps over a gate, then turns and pulls a string which fires a pistol attached to its surcingle; a fourth waltzes in excellent time to music; and a fifth, a magnificent cream-colored animal, accomplishes an astonishing leap over a six-foot gate and four horses placed side by side against it. The exhibition of the horses is followed by that of a troupe of dogs, one of which exhibits considerable skill as a rider on a pad saddle. It leaps over banners and through paper hoops, and finally springs upon a platform under which the horse passes. Then as the horse returns at a gallop around the ring the dog springs from the platform back upon the saddle. The eagerness of the dog in watching for the return of the horse, and its prompt retrial in case of failure, seem to show that it takes actual pleasure in its performances.

The troop of trained dogs appear to belong to no particular breed—a fact somewhat extraordinary, as trainers usually prefer to teach the intelligent French poodle. The performance opens with roll-call, each dog answering to its name by a sharp bark. One animal then dances, two dance on their hind legs and seat themselves human fashion in small chairs, and others jump the rope. The most curious trick is one in which all participate. At the word of the trainer one of the animals takes off its collar with its forepaws. As the collar falls upon the ground a little dog runs forward, seizes it and scampers away. Another animal pursues him, regains the collar and puts it on. The trainer then asks, "What ought to be done to a dog that steals?" No sooner are these words uttered than two jump upon chairs, to which uprights having large hooks at their upper extremities are secured. The third dog picks up a cross-bar in his mouth, carries it to the two on the chairs, and these lift it up and insert it on the hooks. The trainer meanwhile slips a noose over the small thief's head, and another dog grasps the end of the rope and drags the culprit to the gallows. The problem then is how to get the rope over the cross-bar with the rope in his mouth. The hangman then pulls the cord, and lifts the struggling victim into the air, keeps him up for a few minutes, and lowers him apparently dead. A wagon is now brought in, and the hanged dog placed in front. Immediately one large dog places himself between the shafts, two more seat themselves upright on the seats, and another two push the vehicle from behind, and with the exit of the latter this little melodrama, which is played through without a word from the trainer or any other help than the affixing of the noose, terminates.

The accomplishments of the Rocky Mountain goats—large white animals with enormous horns—are the more curious, when the stupid, phlegmatic nature of the brute is remembered. Yet they leap upon the backs of horses, ride around the ring at full gallop, and are not displaced even when the horses take flying leaps over high fences. One of the goats emulates the dog in leaping upon and from a platform; but the solemn manner in which this is done, and the pertinacity with which the goat refuses to jump down until the horse is placed in what he considers exactly the proper position beneath him, are very ludicrous. A remarkable act performed by both goats is circling from one horse to another while at a full gallop. The horses run side by side, and the goat on one places his fore feet on one pad and hind feet on the other; the other goat does the same. Then they follow each other in a circle, passing from horse to horse and back again.

—Princess Louisa, now Vice-Queen of Canada, is described as a woman of strong character and decided will. She has an intelligent and determined face, which suggests her mother's. She is very cultivated in literature and art, and pleasant in her manners.

### ART AND FURNITURE.

On the subject of decorative art as applied to the furnishing of houses, there are almost as many theories as there are furnishers of houses, and in many respects it is well that it is so. If there were a fixed fashion for furniture, and the adornments of our parlors were as uniform as the dress of the gentlemen who fill them on state occasions, we should have no need to trouble ourselves about the relation of art to our furniture. Art and fashion were divorced long ago.

But there are certain artistic principles which should underlie the process of furnishing every house, just assimilar principles should underlie the painting of every picture. Be the picture or the house pretentious or humble, cheap or expensive, there is always opportunity for some expression of artistic feeling.

We have not here space to discuss this subject, which will be considered more and more important as civilization advances, but the following extract from a Scotch writer is quite pertinent. He is describing a parlor which had been furnished and decorated with reference to what he considered the proper harmony of color:—

"There were only three decided colors throughout, viz.: white, green, and crimson. The ceiling, cornices, woodwork and canopies of the window-hangings, the ground of the walls and that of the carpet were crimson, while the pattern on the carpet was a sort of tracery of creeping plants in green.—The chimney-piece was of white marble reaching nearly to the ceiling, with a panel, equal in width to the opening of the chimney, which was filled with a mirror. The walls of the room were painted in imitation of morocco leather, enriched with gilded roses shaded by hand, and the whole varnished with copal. The wood-work was dead-white, bordered with gilt mouldings. The window-curtains were simple, being merely large curtains without draperies or fringes, and they hung in vertical lines so as to catch no dust. They ran on gilt wooden poles, and inside the cornice was a common French curtain-rod, on which ran a very fine but plain muslin sun-curtain edged with crimson, cherry fringe. The cords for drawing the curtains, instead of being concealed, were made conspicuous, and contributed to the general effect. The shade of crimson in all the decorations was of the same hue, and, being contrasted with the green and relieved by the white and gold, the coloring imparted a general air of comfort and warmth without being either gaudy or glaring."

Something to the point may here be said about carpets. At a recent "opening" of carpets at one of our large city stores, there was an expensive carpet of particularly gorgeous design—nothing less, in fact, than a "Sunset on the Lake of Como." Whoever treads this carpet may literally walk upon the clouds; he may also contemptuously trample upon the sun, and emulate the feet of St. Peter without wetting the soles of his adventurous shoes. But where is the taste or the sense in spreading a landscape on a parlor floor, where the sofa may dabble its feet in the waters of the lake, where the table may crush out the life of a hapless swan, where a footstool may obliterate the sun, where an easy-chair may break in the palace windows, and where two legs of the piano may rest on a treetop, while the others are peacefully reposing on the back of an agonized deer?

We would add our voices to the few who have already protested against the monstrous designs of broken shields and damaged urns intermixed with dilapidated scrolls and impossible flowers, which have so long disfigured our floors. Let us hope that we may be allowed some really tasteful carpets, of which the design shall be as valuable at least as the material.

But even those who cannot afford rich curtains, and who never go to carpet openings, need not despair of making their homes not only beautiful, but somewhat "stylish," if they take a little trouble. For instance, the handsome *cretonnes* that are now used so generally to cover furniture (and which when discreetly used are very effective and handsome, besides giving an eminently comfortable appearance to the chairs and sofas) will look just as well over common maple or even pine as over the finest black walnut. Of course much will depend upon the form of the articles covered; but even here a little ingenuity in stuffing and shaping will go a great way, and imperfections of workmanship may be covered by the accommodating *cretonne*. There are even those who, not being able to buy all the furniture they want, make their own chairs, lounges, etc., etc., which, when thus stuffed and covered, are not only serviceable, but often quite shapely and handsome.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

### A MAN ATTACKED BY SPARROWS.

One mile and forty rods north of the beautiful village of Sauquoit resides Mr. Andrew J. Green. Day before yesterday he started to walk to the village. Swinging along with his wonted stride, and reaching a point within half a mile of his destination, his attention was attracted by the strange actions of a large flock of sparrows, hovering low down over the sidewalk, flying rapidly hither and thither in great excitement. As he approached them, and when in their midst, they evinced no fear of his presence, and, instead of flying away on his entrance among them, they pressed around him in greater numbers, and almost immediately attacked him him with their sharp bills with great fury. At first he was disposed to treat the attack as a trivial matter, and attempted to brush them away with his hands, but the few thus displaced were immediately replaced by myriads more, darting, chattering and piercing him with their sharp bills like "the flight of a cloud of arrows."—Their immense numbers and persistent charge was so great that he was soon thrown to the ground. Now thoroughly alarmed, he struggled to his feet; covering his eyes and face with one hand as well as possible, he endeavored with the other hand to wrest from the fence at his side a stake or picket with which to defend himself, but not succeeding, and the wild and infuriated little warriors still increasing their attack, he was forced to fight them again with his hands, when again he was thrown to the ground. Now really terrified for his life, he pulled his coat over his face and head for protection, regained his feet and fled for his life, but they did not pursue him far. Exhausted, and with his hands bleeding, he reached the village, convinced that he had a narrow escape.—*Utica Observer.*

—A joker challenged a sick man's vote at a city election on the ground that he was an ill legal voter.

—At the earnest solicitation of his many friends, a West Hill boy consented to allow his name and himself to go before a water-melon patch in the suburbs Wednesday night. The convention was somewhat disorderly, owing to the appearance of a strong delegation from the farm-house that came in without credentials and insisted on being heard. It was entirely irregular, of course, but all the same the boy was seized in an inverted attitude just as he was climbing over the fence, and the chairman of the new delegation fanned his suburbs with a hedge switch until he consented, for the sake of peace and harmony, to withdraw, which he did, at the rate of about 1,000 miles an hour.—*Hawkeye.*

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